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EDITORIAL COMMENT:

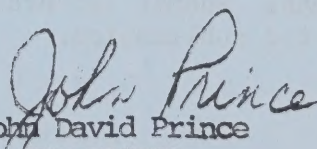
How many new year resolutions have you made for 1977? I was wondering if the Canadian Penitentiary (Corrections) were making resolutions with the express purpose of giving some credibility to their title of corrections? I know several persons who are wishing that the present situation they find themselves in will change in 1977, but like all wishes, they do not often come true! However, keep wishing.

But, how many of us will make resolutions and keep them? I find that it requires a great deal of self discipline to keep with it for very long. At anyrate I too have made some new year resolutions for 1977. The ones which I will openly discuss are the ones which I hope will make the AVATAR an enjoyable paper for its readers, as well as informative. Any others would be that the joy of the Holiday Season extends into your life for more than the usual few days at Christmas.

I as the editor of the AVATAR pledge to attempt to bring material to the eyes of the reader that will excite them, as as to attempt to present material that borders upon some controversial, and often embarrassing issues. I would not like to be labelled as someone who merely bitch-es, but I would like to present material that is 'touchy' in such a way that it is at least acceptable to the censor, even though a little too flammable. I like to think that we have some freedom of the press, although, I am beginning to wonder who is censoring us??? People do not like to be insulted when they read, so we attempt to write material that subtly suggests reasons for change, and that allows the reader to put two and two together for themselves. Often we hear persons who know very little about the inmate reader criticising the reading and comprehension level of the inmate readers. We at ~~the~~ AVATAR feel insulted because we feel as inmates that even if we do not have university educations, we are capable of reading and writing at a far higher level than society gives us credit for. We at the AVATAR will follow our resolution to keep the quality of the written material as easily as possible to read, and yet of some intellectual quality.

Over the past few months we have been experimenting with different forms of types, with a view of graphically making the paper look better. We have purchased an IBM typewriter, and use different type to illustrate poetry, or articles. We have asked for one colour of paper, and this will probably come effective in an issue or two. All in all, we are working hard to bring some form of entertainment, and information to the readers. This is our constant resolution, and it is our New Year's as well.

For all readers of the AVATAR, and even those who do not (you fools), we wish you a better year in 1977 than you might have had in 1976.


John David Prince
THE EDITOR.

AVATAR

January 1977

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LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

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Editor:

I am writing this letter in regard to your publication Avatar, on behalf of the Friends and Relatives Group of St. Catherines, and Niagara Falls. We really enjoy reading your publication!

Our group consists of wives and loved ones of men and women in prison. We meet every month, on the first Monday. These meetings, alternate between St. Catherines and Niagara Falls. We are certain that there are men and women in your area that have families and others in this area, and we would be very happy to meet with them. We would appreciate receiving the Avatar.

Yours sincerely,

Cathy Allen
20 Queen St.
St. Catherines.

Editor:

Best Wishes to you j. d. Here is my money for a subscription renewal to the Avatar.

Toni,
Pallas Films
Toronto.

Editor:

Once I got my Avatar paper home, and started reading it, I couldn't put it down 'til I was done. This is a quality magazine! That's what the public needs to hear for those who care to listen. It made me want to do something to get things changed; seeing as how I'm out here and "free", more than you and the other prisoners. I want to do more than read Avatars.

But I'll do both since change won't come so fast, and I won't be blind if I keep up to date on the points discussed in the Avatar. So I've enclosed \$4.00 for my subscription to Avatar.

I liked the article, Transitional Community, or Go West Young Man. I wrote the Solicitor General and I would like to have my letter published to encourage other men as well as women, to write him and urge him to help us.

Dear Solicitor General;

I would like you to do every thing you can to get a transitional community started. This is where a convict is removed from the environment where he has committed his crime and made to spend time constructively with actual training in normal day to day living in a normal environment. People from the 'outside' can stay there and prisoners can stay, or leave at the end of their sentence.

I read about this in the Avatar paper, published by the inmates of Collins Bay Penitentiary. If you haven't read this you should subscribe. I recommend it for an opportunity to get close to some people where otherwise you would not.

Please write me soon with your plans on this subject. Thank you sir.

Yours sincerely,
(Mrs.) Mavis Watson
Wife of Richard K. Watson/

Well, there you have it folks, I love you all, each and everyone of you. God Bless you.

Mavis.

Editor:

I am writing you this letter to solicit your support for an exchange of journal with your office through the editor. This will be to exchange ideas, and so on.

I think that a communication system would be beneficial. It might help illuminate our situation to our readers. This exchange will be done with all Canadian prisons and foreign ones that are willing to do so.

I hope that you will join us.

Yours truly,

a fellow inmate
Archambault Prisons
Quebec.

Editor:

Congratulations on your appointment as editor of the Avatar. I'm sure that you'll carry on from where George Watson, the former one, left off, and continue to keep the true situations that arise in the Collins Bay Institution as well as in the other pens.

I want to take this opportunity to express my appreciation and gratitude for you, and the staff at the Avatar, as well as your contributing writers. You guys and gals continue to open my eyes to the true nature of the inmates situation, and conditions [the inmates are good, and the conditions are poor]. Keep up the good work - its not going unnoticed.

Please enter my subscription again this year. You'll find my payment enclosed. I also have written some thing. Please publish it if you like it.

Thank you for a good paper.

Yours truly,

Micheal Morrisette.

Editor:

First let me congratulate you and the editorial staff on a very fine Fall edition of Avatar.

I am the coordinator of the John Howard Society of Ottawa, [womens group]. The group and I are very interested in reading any literature we receive from your institution.

Our group was formed for any woman who has a member of the family or loved one in an institution. We have weekly meetings every Tuesday evening and trips to Kingston every second week. I was hoping that you might advertise our group in your Avatar.

Transportation is arranged to and from some prisons in Ontario. For further information contact...

Terry O'Brian
319 Lisgar St.
Ottawa, K2P 0E1
Tel. 236-9793

Editor:

A BUS SERVICE leaving Toronto 5 days per week carrying visitors to the Kingston region penitentiaries is supplied by Operation Springboard, Toronto. We would like to purchase a full page for advertisement in your paper. Is this possible?

Yours truly,
Doug MacLaurin
Director O/S
315 Dundas St. E.

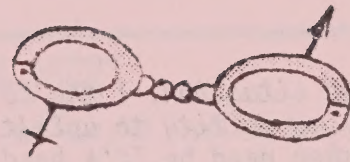
INVISIBLE PRISONER

by Maureen Hamagishi

At night I hear his voice softly beckoning me. It fades, it goes ever so swiftly and quietly into the still of darkened eve. I close my tired eyes and as I drift into silent slumber my arms enwrap only a memory of him beside me. I feel his presence and know he is always with me in spirit. But when I wake, the shock of stone-cold truth is hard to accept. To face reality; that he is not really there.

My man is a victim of controversy who got caught in a war of moral principles. The penalty he pays is imprisonment. In a sense I feel incarcerated too. Time is irrelevant unless you are actually doing it. Then it becomes the highlight of your life; an enslaving factor which controls and centralizes everything you do. One is so acutely aware of that fact and feels all the more lost and disheartened.

Emotional experiences of fright and bewildering isolation was evident on finding myself engulfed in a society within society. Due to lack of exposure to that circle of life, I discovered myself distinctly alienated and very alone. In confronting the different aspects of prison involvement, I've had to face many hard facts, and have learnt to cope both mentally and physically with situations that two years previous I would never had so much as contemplated. The entire phase of prison activity is set up in such a way that you inevitably feel loss of identity, of social and moral significance and most important, of being human. You lack a sense of belonging, of being able to fully express your real self. Li-



fe and meaning becomes fractured: reflections from a flawed telescope...

Once I was free
to be,
me.
swallowed; confined
Unspoken prison
Lost identity
My human dignity
Liberty.

A major complication of emotional upheaval is during visiting. You find yourself sitting in a waiting room: a stereotyped design with tables and chairs arranged in a conventional manner. A bland, and dismal chamber suggesting convenience rather than warm or cheerful surroundings. You sit, along with other women, feeling obsolete; feeling meaningless. One always feels on display; the lack of privacy and freedom of a rat confined in a glass cage- the scientist watching your every move. Always under pressure and feeling great frustration in knowing everything I do and say is being recorded in some way. You feel humiliated and ridiculed when you realize that in truth you are being chaperoned. The situation is not considered that of the so-called norm, and my only consolation is in being with him for that short while.

I am his connecting factor of which enables him to keep in touch with what is evolving outside prison walls. But I float in a bubble which invariably links the two worlds, and at times I find difficulty in switching on and off to suit each environment. One expects a person to become more readily depressed and pessimistic

in a confined situation. I try to the best of my ability to uplift his morale when need be. It's hard because at times you feel the load of pulling both weights. To give company, share thoughts and exchange affection is fulfilling yet I want to give so much more of myself and cannot. The result is morally deflating and you cannot help feeling abused and defeated. Tension and restlessness build up to intense heights with very little channel for release. I find it very difficult to maintain my equilibrium.

When visits are over I feel it as a rude intrusion of my rights. You'd think, rather than being merely functional the structure could be flexed somewhat to cater more to human needs than just to the institution. Upon saying good-bye, my emotions reach a high point and the impact felt is such one would experience after saying farewell to her loved one who's off to sail the high seas..

High peaked waves
sweeping my lover away
Alas, shall see no more.
Left alone on the Quay.
A tear stained handkerchief
flags farewell.
A shadow drops her veil
over a broken heart.
Till the day he returns,
feelings fragile; forlorn.

The comparison seems exaggerated, but due to the circumstances one does tend to be eclipsed by dramatic reactions. The end results leave me feeling totally drained

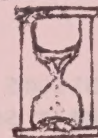
of energy.

The entire scope of which I described is repetitious, continuing until the day he is set free. The maddening cycle of administrative red tape and bureaucratic idiosyncracies. I search to find patience and stamina to withstand the constant testing and erosion of my emotional stability. I have learnt to subdue many normal impulses, contain natural desires for human contact and find other means of expression in relation to encounters that occur in a man woman relationship. I have also learnt the appreciation of little things in life. A walk in the park for instance, no longer seems insignificant. In its simplicity it becomes meaningful because it's something we're no longer able to do. The aspect of privacy, to be alone with the one I love, if only for a moment, would be a lift from heaven. To be free to come and go as we pleased; to do all those things others think unimportant. That which people take for granted now is made salient in a newly perceived light...

Nights and days
becoming anonymous
merging in deadened transit.
A part of we
will always be
m i s s i n g.
Behind walls; behind bars
Silent anticipation -
Waiting.
Someday comes
Today
We will say
I'm free.

CHARLES W. GORDON once said.....A man to see far must climb to some height.

"A NEW ORDER OF THE AGES"



(being a perspective on the immanent death of Gilmore)

A "Desiderata" of considerable renown admonishes of the "peace which is to be found in silence" and in "going placidly amidst the noisy confusion." Novus Organon, however, decrees that it is a crime against the spirit of man to remain silent and placid when confusion in the world has reached such proportion as to require our urgent and energetic attention.

It is a moot point that issues which revolve around TIME have at some time perplexed all of us, for whenever we attempt to deal with time with anything approaching to certitude we are confronted with many a conundrum.

One such puzzle involves the use of the terms "septum", "octo" and "novem", which in the Latin mean seventh, eighth and ninth respectively. September, October and November meaning seventh, eighth and ninth are terms therefore, which designate the ninth, tenth and eleventh months. That's not confusing isn't it?

It has been remarked, "Wahrheit ist komplementär zu Klarheit", - truth can only be obtained at the expense of precision. All our twaddling abascus manipulations in the stringent effort to determine precisely "what time it is" have availed us only in amounting to rude approximation. The truth concerning "the time" lies outside of the tight little precisions in which we traditionally attempt to deal with "time". TICK...

No matter! The seasons wax & wane; the weary-world-machine our planet, groans and wobbles its way 'round the Universe, and supposing it to have a direction, headed for God-only-knows-where, dragging with it an unhappy baggage, called humanity.

Now, as in every other epoch, there are those of this baggage who fare far worse than others, and now, as in every other aeon, they are to be found languishing in prison.

Time flies! The solstices, arrive and are gone; the precession of the equinoxes does so as it has for millennia, and despite rapidly manifolding sociological perspectives things down here at the bottom of the barrell strangle & stultify in soul-destroying sameness-ness.

But, as social scientists and historians never tire of pointing out, the reoccurring nemesis of societies lies in that, in every socio-economic system there is at first a balance between knowledge and social organization, but gradually a disequilibrium or lag develops between available knowledge and existent social institutions. Our knowledge of the physical world, our scientific knowledge grows faster than our social wisdom. Could it be time for a change?

This will no doubt sound revolutionary upon some ears, but, "The art of wilful opposition and of revolution is the shaking of established

customs, exploring them to their source in order to bring to light their want of authority and justice." (Pensees: Pascal)

In exploring one such habitual & customary view of time we trace its beginning to Newton, who considered that, "Absolute true and mathematical time of itself & from its own nature flows equably without relation to anything external." For two & a half centuries this nonsense held sway, but the Novus Organon decrees clockwork Newtonian time defunct, dead of a broken mainspring!...TOCK...

Time is no false eternity running on for 10 to the nth power years "without relation to anything external." Time is infinitely amorphous and pliable, - a direct and malleable reciprocal of our understanding of it. It is a form of consciousness - tertium quid in this matter being our assurance that the "Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath." The term Sabbath like Septem or Novem is merely a name for an increment in time, a portion of consciousness & time was made to serve man, not he it!

Whereas some readers might have had revolutionary illusions about this article, others may now claim tergiversation, but when we go to tap for drink it is common to run tap a few moments to ensure for clear. We have not done otherwise in arriving by necessarily circuital processes at the third discriminant of the formula TIME:CHANGE:CONSCIOUSNESS, which forms the speculum of our thought. TICK..

The motions of our solar system, the revolutions by which we reckon time occur according with unalterable laws. These laws are the "reason" of the system, but neither sun nor the planets have consciousness of these laws. It remains the sole precinct of man to distill from nature these laws and to know them.

This thought that reason is in nature is not new, nor does it surprise us for we are accustomed to it and take it for granted. It is mentioned partly in order to indicate that such thoughts have not always been in the world; that history shows that such thought once marked the beginning of an epoch in the development of the human spirit.

At the beginning of one such era, a man named Socrates undertook to teach men that the moral man was not he who merely willed and did what was right, not the naive man, but he who has the consciousness of what he is doing. TOCK...

Socrates, by placing the determination of men's actions with insight and deliberation posited the individual as capable of a fine moral decision, even one opposed to his country and its more. Athenian mores ruled the lives of Athenian citizenry, but Socrates said he had a demon or voice that told him what to do or say. The rise of this voice was the rise of subjective consciousness, and was the rupture of the existing reality. Once again the rift between knowledge and extant social institutions gaped wide.

History is born from an abrupt disequilibrium which fissures society at all levels. Human history is not just a dead past but its totalization by us in the present as part of our orientation of ourselves toward the future. It is the choice of what we remember, the totalizing conservation of the past in the present, as the filter or speculum through which anything of the past reaches man of the present and man of the future.

The word "history" implies the connotation His-Story quite correctly, for it is the chronicled record, the living memory or the consciousness of the changes which take place in time.

If we contemplate two individuals entirely separated from each other, eg. a very wise philosopher and a convicted killer, unknown to each other, on either side of a wall (say time) each observed simultaneously in the mirror of history, we can comprehend each of them up to a point on the basis of complicity, so to say, in the enterprise of each. Each is the center of another arrangement of the Universe. Each is an expression of some truth that cannot be denied. The observer can realize the permanent possibility of their relationship. We can see through what they do, what are the unifications that characterize their fields. They can be, and necessarily are, unified in a totalization which is not theirs.

~~In this manner we can compare~~

another age with our "present." Very often when we do so, we are appalled that thousands of years have "gone by" while "the times" have changed not at all. Men continue to go to their deaths trying to tell us something and we listen not at all. In this we could do worse than to echo the words of Cowley...

"Nothing is there to come
and nothing past,
But an eternal Now
does ever last"

Three thousand years have lapsed since the highly "civilized" & infamous Athenian state put Socrates to death for uttering the necessarily emerging principle of subjective consciousness. TICK....

Now, it is not possible to equate the good and wise Socrates with Gary Gilmore, though according with the Socratic view, Gilmore is now a moral man by virtue of his consciousness of what he is doing. Upon circumspection of both Socrates and Gilmore on the basis of aforementioned complicity, the enterprise of each, we find that whereas Socrates was condemned to death by the state for giving voice to the validity and sovereignty of subjective consciousness, Gary Gilmore demands that the state execute him for an application of the same principle.

The changes which occur in nature are cyclical and only in the arena of the human spirit can the novel occur. We are faced always with the same reoccurring nemesis menti-

oned earlier which consists in knowledge outstripping the existing social institutions, and eternally similar sets of problems.

The chasm between knowledge & the existing social institutions again yawns wide, in this instance the social institution being prison and Gary Gilmore's superb knowledge of the shitty side of life. And though he has been locked down for fifteen of his thirty-six summers, society will not acknowledge that he, a "con", knows something that they don't.

Contrary to typical stumble-minded public opinion, however, Gilmore does not want to die. Given the choice (some choice) between "live", a goulish, parasitic living death in one of society's outmoded-antiquated-stinking-shit house-prisons and bona fide death, Gilmore's subjective consciousness denounces the time too long and opts for the bosom of the infinite.

What Gilmore is trying to tell you with the shattered shards and remnants of his ruined life is that you can't rehabilitate a man for twenty five years! But you can kill a man slowly-agonizingly-mercilessly for twenty-five years; bury him alive in a nightmare equal to anything in the saga of "The House of Usher."

Time, being a form of consciousness, it will be found necessary when attempting to alter "the times" to change our consciousness. Men like Gilmore, killers, are with us always. Clearly a society of

such men is not possible, a percentage of such men is clearly useful, in war for instance. If there is a curve of aggressivity someone must be at the extremes. It remains the abiding problem of societies that do not shirk responsibility to assimilate such men by means other than war, perpetual imprisonment or extinction.

And if the "highly civilized" American state kills Gilmore, what then? Nothing, that's what! TIME WILL STAND STATIC! It will be a replay of the same old sick horror story. His execution will take place in the New Year. What New Year? It goes on and on and on *segno ad infinitum*...

This article was written on Christmas Eve, the ostensibly commemorative date of a New Age that came into being 1976 years ago. HA!

This poor writers bolt is just about shot and I suspicion that none has understood a-bleeding word I've said. But more better writers in more worthy and voluminous exegetics have attempted to inaugurate a "Novus ordo seclorum", with what results is a matter of historical record.

O good citizens, "The true test of a civilization is not the census, nor the size of the cities, nor the crops -no but the kind of man the country turns out." (Emerson) The North American civilization has produced Gary Gilmore!

Because of him, you at least now know what time it is. It is ten minutes to a time pre-

monished in The Book of Last
Things, "Revelations" chap. 9
vs. 6, "And in those times m-
en shall seek death and death
will not come; and men shall

desire death and it shall fl-
ee from them."

TOKTOKTOKTOK.....

You're not a nice man, Gilmo-
re, but you're a man for all
that!

Clifford Strong

#976

FRIENDS or FOES

Say yes
all the
time
Let you do things
their way,

Smile
with you
at you
Pat your
back
Say nice things
to your
face;

Then CAGE you up!

by Dan Hodgson #7966
Millhaven Pen

Not being the prolific reader I once was, I am now able to retain in my pea-sized brain a certain amount of information that I am now able to recall during certain conversations, or when I overhear inmates talking about an interesting topic I've read something about. Which brings me to the beginning of this article.

Cliff, our associate editor showed me an article from the Mensa Journal (a member must have an I.Q. over 140) which directed its attention to the topic of the peculiarities of the English language. Along with this article, I happened to be thinking of Erving Goffman's book, Asylums. In this book Goffman discusses the institutionalization of the inmates. He notes that the inmate can hardly be separated from the staff if you overheard them in a conversation. Implied is that where there is an efficient job done on institutionalizing an inmate, you will note the similarity in their choice of words in discussions. Studies of deviance have indicated that staff soon pick up the jargon used by inmates, and that the inmates soon pick up the jargon used by their keepers! So, while walking around the yard during our exercise period, I could not help but hear two inmates discussing the topic of photography. As we passed them, I could hear the one fellow saying to the other; "...adjusting the shutter speed to accommodate the required amount of light for acceptable pictures." This situation triggered in me the

thought over the general picture society must have concerning the overall intelligence and literate skills of the inmates. Not to blame society for the misrepresentation of the inmates' literacy, but nevertheless, Hollywood has aptly stereotyped the inmate for movie films, and it has helped perpetuate the mystique of the convict. The system itself has not helped. There is an interesting correlation between the emergence of the verbosity of the inmates, and of the prison staff. Whether this correlation is significant is for social scientists to discover, but I believe it is safe to say that as the quality of the prison staff improved so did the regulations surrounding the silent system and reading materials change. That as the requirements for higher educations, and degree holders were sought after, so too were the rules of allowing courses, books, magazines and any form of communiques. Self help groups were encouraged, and communication between agencies were allowed. Let's take a historical look back.

Several years ago the Quakers initiated the idea of servitude in a place where the inmates could make penance for their sins (all crime was seen as a sin). These inmates were met, blindfolded, and led to their cells by a guard, who was known as a "moral agent". The inmates were kept in the cells apart from any other inmate and were only allowed to talk with the moral agent. The only reading material they were allowed was the Holy Bi-

ble. A typical conversation after a period of time imprisoned in these hell holes might sound like this;

" Surely he has borne our griefs and carried our sorrows."

" Ah, my saddened criminal you who are bruised for your eniquities, he shall seek out his chastisement and make you whole."

" Do you really think he will offer his broken body as a sacrifice for me?"

" But of course you heathen. He was oppressed and afflicted, yet he opened his mouth and claimed he was our Saviour. He will be yours as well."

" When do you think He shall redeem me?"

" You despotic spirit have you no shame!? Get back to your reading of the Holy Bible and repent for your deeds."

The silent system extended well into the early Nineteen Hundreds. The inmates were dressed in black and white pin striped uniforms, and would parade with their left arm extended and their left hand on the shoulder of the man in front of him (the 'lock-step'). Talking was not allowed. When the inmates were at work, the guard would stand upon a raised platform holding a heavy three foot club; and when he should notice inmates communicating with their nonverbal forms of communication, he would bang his club on the floor to indicate he wanted the men to stop talking! A typical conversation might go like this:

"left eye winks two times" Inmate #003 "moves his jaw from left to right once"

The guard bangs the club, wham wham!

Inmates both look down, and up with fear in their eyes.

During the Thirties and the Forties there was a gradual lessening of the regulations surrounding communicating between inmates. While they were on their exercise period they could speak to the men directly in front or behind him. (They must walk in single file). It's during this era that the Hollywood type of convict emerges. Humphrey Bogart talks out of the side of his mouth, and say to Louie, "Yeeeh, the dirty rotten fuzz blasted my pard before we could grab the loot and be off". Louie the Lip, played by Jimmy Cagney, would answer, (the corners of his mouth turned) "Stinking rotten coppers never give ya a break." (Meanwhile in the wardens office): "If ya keep your lip buttoned you'll be O.K., otherwise they'll probably bury you in the yard" Richard Widmark says, "C'mon get me copper, you'll never take me alive!"

In the late Forties and early Fifties, newspapers, and censored books, and periodicals, were allowed into the prisons. Visiting was given more emphasis. Educational programs began to take importance, and discussion groups in the chapel formed. Inmates could earn their elementary grade certificate. Some could even study high school topics through correspondence. One or two in course(s). None in any subject that would be controversial, such as psychology, as it was felt that the inmates

might use their new found information to manipulate the guards. Although there was still a silent system used in the cellblocks at night, conversations were still held using various forms of made up languages, such as "pig" Latin," or Australian "Bop" talk. A typical message between convicts might sound like this;

" The bottle and stopper
is in the order-kay, so
be ool-kay!"

" oo-scray the oper-kay!"

" Six! The rusty can is at
the ex-nay el-cay."

and so on.

During this era the qualifications for prison staff were raised. Guards needed more education, and administration personnel were asked to have a degree. This was not always possible, so the most educated were hired though.

In the Sixties, and Seventies we began to see the emergence of middle class america into our prisons. The upper and middle classes were beginning to use drugs, and the lines separating the criminal and deviant were becoming shaded. The drug culture brought with it such sayings as; "outa sight", "out front", "right on!" and "get down monna". The ed-

ucation of the new inmate was raised. Programs for upgrading were introduced. Inmates arriving in the prisons had a good education compared to his counterpart of a few year ago. His social, and verbal skills were of a higher standard. The quality of conversations between inmates were seen to change from brief scirmishes with survival conversation to ones with philosophical and social significance. The quality of prison staff, educationally also improved. There were B.A.'s M.A.'s and even Ph.D's entering the field of correction.

Censoring was reduced on reading material. A swing from isolation from the public to opening the prison to certain sectors of the public (usually middle or upper class). Inmates could write more letters and communicate with persons; once formerly forbidden.

The staff were expected to employ their educational skill and begin to communicate with du con wit du perpuss of gedd in to no him.

Dir r tikulat perzun, formerly a ignorant fuul had now becom a purzun to be rekund wit.

Al zat remains now is a littl bit uf comon sense to be uuze wen edukaznal progrims r to b started.

Yes-siree, i rekon we r reely duing a swell job, just as long as we dont get tuu komplikated for du gards.

PUTMANS LAW: This particular heading is taken from the book; The Peter Principle. This term refers to, " anything that begins well always ends bad ".

ACTIVE WAITING: THE ART OF DOING TIME

by Patricia Gale

We are in our fourth year. In a few months, we will have done more time-together, than he has done alone. I am with him, because I choose to be. I am his lady, and I am waiting.

We have learned, he and I, that there is an art to waiting. The special nature of our situation has demanded that we learn this. Previously, "waiting" involved feelings of anticipation, expectancy, and excitement. It was bearable, because it was short term. Waiting might have absorbed some energy for a while; but it never had the potential to control my life.

Now, of course, it is the state of being in which my life is based. To wait passively; to simply "put in time" until he is released, would be to actively assist the breakdown of our relationship. To maintain a sense of dignity, man must be in control of his own life. There is so much in our life-together that we have no control over. Electronic doors open when it is time for visits to start. A voice informs us when visits are over. There are machines to record our conversations; eyes to read our letters; and faces to watch our angers, joys, tears and tender moments. This lack of autonomy isidiously chips away at dignity, and in so doing, wears down committment. We cannot control the tangible realities of our life-together; but we do have our will. Through the strength of our will, waiting can

become creative; it can become active. And active waiting is the key to the art of doing time.

Active waiting demands, first of all, a clarification of purposes. What are we waiting for, and why? We are waiting for him to come home. We are not waiting, to be happy. Happiness must be found in the now, in the present. The challenge is ours. We can moan about not being able to do things together - about not taking walks, listening to music, going to movies. Or we can rejoice in the special opportunity of a courtship in a visiting room: hours and hours to learn how to talk, and to listen to each other. Our environment never changes, therefore we must. It is he and I who must be constantly growing, and changing and challenging each other. Because we can do this, and find fulfillment in it, we are waiting.

Secondly, active waiting means verbalizing to each other the anxieties, frustrations, and loneliness that are a part of this life we have chosen. They must be verbalized, if they are to become vehicles for creative growth. It would be very easy, for example, for the agony of separation to become the seeds from which recrimination and reprisal grow. "I am in pain because I am not with you" can so easily twist into "You are the cause of my pain", unless we help each other to identify and express such feelings. By so doing, all experiences can become learning experiences; and all suffering, en-

durable, because it is shared.

Thirdly, active waiting means being able to laugh. A sense of humour will buffer any pain, and we have found that often the only way through a crisis is to laugh; at ourselves, and at the situation. The sting of recorded conversation can be eased somewhat by periodic, off-key singing into the unseen microphone. To reduce the culture shock when he is first released, we have developed a series of "when you come home" ideas. We've decided, for instance, to tape the voice that says "visits are over"

and play it very two and a half hours during the first month he is home. We also feel that it would be wise to keep a group of friends at close hand. That way, if there is ever a problem communicating, they can come and sit in the room and watch us talk. We should be immediately at our ease! Laughter; creative growth; clarification of purpose; we have struggled to bend these three areas to our will, to master them in our quest to learn the art of waiting. It is not easy. But then nothing that is worthwhile in life, ever is

ON YOUNG GIRLS AND PRISONS

I

by I'll help! I'll help!
R Said the eager young thing.
U Just think--yes, just think
T Of the wonders I'll bring
H To this poor lonely man
In his poor lonely cell
How much better he'll be
From knowing me well.

III

B And that sweet little chickie
R All trust and all eyes
A Encouraged the halo
K Encouraged the lies,
E Till one day she found
N It had all gone awray
When the poor lonely man
Said please stay with me, stay.
I need you to bring back
The sun to my life
I need you to need me,
To live as my wife.

II

So she huffed and she puffed
And she blew the walls down
And the man through her presence
Dropped the mask of the clown
And he started to hope
And he started to love
And he started to feel
She was sent from above

IV

And the sweet little chickie
Unable to cope
Unable to meet him
Except with her rope
Of false hopes and false dawns
and new dreams undone,
Just picked up and left him
To rot in her sun.



WHERE DO I START

I gave my life at the age twelve
To a world I could never know
Would hurt me in such a way
As to make every man my foe.

Fight, steal, and cheat a little
and push a little dope
This was all they left to me
Don't get caught my only hope.

But here I sit writing poems
To pass away the time
I didn't have to come to jail
To write my verse, and rhyme.

At twenty-five I've had my fill
of the system and the games
Its time to pack-a-lunch
and try to start again
Where do i start.

JUST TRAVELING

Traveling across this country
Hiking all the way
I've met so many people
with so many things to say.

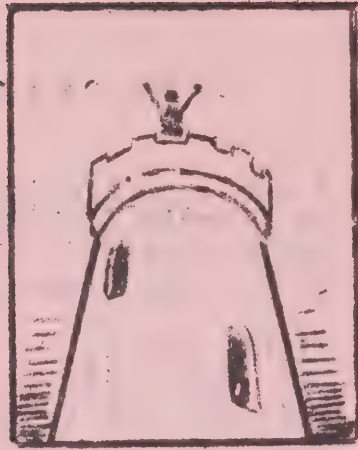
The population has exploded
Inflations at its top
The dollar isn't a dollar
It still continues to drop.

Care is sending a package
to a town in Pakistan
There's a crisis in Cuba
A war rages in Iran.

But I've yet to hear some mention
Of the biggest farce in Canadian history
Rehabilitation
From a Canadian Penitentiary!

Billy Shannon
Millhaven Pen

NO AMOUNT



There is no amount of laughing
Can make you smile inside
Because when the laughter is over
The tears are hard to hide.

And no amount of drinking
will ever ease the pain
For after each is finished
The hurt will still remain

And no amount of cursing
Will turn my life from hate
Cause when I'm finished swearing
I'm in an awful state

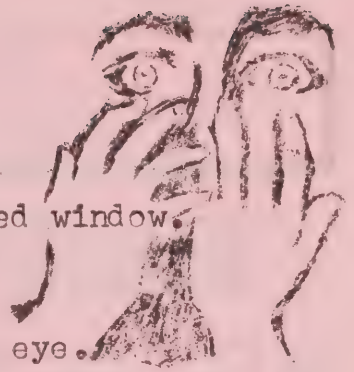
We must strive for a future
And make it on our own
For with the help of the "administration"
We'll always be on our own.

Dedicated to Wally Sawchuck, Davey Campbell, and
George " Midge " Pallister.

by

Billy Shannon
Millhaven Pen

ITS JUST A COMMON STREET SONG...



A cloud covered day marks the death
of an unknown widow, as daylight
streaks through the filth smeared window.
Buzzing flies gather for a feast
on an open butter dish,
While a lone child cries
as the infection oozes from her eye.
Its already noon
and the children haven't been fed.
The little boy smiles with glee
as he stoops to pet the
aged yellow-toothed
rat.

It snaps, he flees.
In the darkened doorway
of the abandoned Blue Heaven
Sits a frazzled reeking old man
with his bottle of St. Georges '67.
Its already noon
and the landlord came too soon.
Grease covered motorcyclists
roar up the trash covered street
As the cheap scented girl smiles as she speaks
" tricks for twenty ".
Day after day she keeps her lone vigil
with her professional uniform
she's often mistaken for a slum sentry.
A siren screams as four youths come running
For the man, it seems
its their wit against ghetto fear and cunning
Its already noon
and momma's lying on the dish strewn table
I call to her and she lifts her head up over
the bottle,
long enough to mutter something about
lunch in a box.
Her image fades slowly out of my mind
Headlines read something like;
" Child gunned down to protect
wage restrictions ".
Its gonna be another hungry night.
And in the wake of all this confusion lies Paranoia
my pattered companion.
Laughing, saying; " Social insanity is merely a
form of Political propaganda ".
But everyone escapes into their own little world
all but two dogs who roam the streets.
And I'm talking with reality once more
but fantasy is tapping, tapping,
softly at my door.

by Michael Morrisette

I HEREBY SENTENCE YOU TO...

by Edward "Sam" Haley

This is strictly a fictional courtroom drama. Any resemblance to incidents, places or persons is strictly coincidental. Such things just don't happen in Canada.

The Place: an average Canadian courthall in an average town
The Time: there's no time like the present
The Thing: a trial
The People: average Canadians and an ex-con
The Crime: nothing short of murder will do

Baliff: The Court of Rightcousville will now come to order. The presiding Judge is the Honourable William "It's-No-Use-We'll-Use-The-Noose" Dogooder. Anyone having business in this courtroom is purely coincidental. All be seated except the accused: Mr. Ronald "Ex-Con" Jones.

Judge Dogooder: Mr. Jones; you stand before me convicted; ahem, I mean charged with capital murder. I have to ask you anyway so, how do you plea; guilty or innocent?

Jones: Not guilty, Your Honour. I...

Judge: Hold your tongue or I shall find you in contempt of Court!

Jones: (silently to himself) I can tell it's gonna be one of those days.

Judge: Is the prosecution ready?

D.A.: Yes, Bill, ah I mean, Your Honour.

Judge: Okay, will the prosecution call its first witness.

Legal Aid Lawyer for the Defense: Excuse me Your Honour, but you've forgotten to ask if the defense was ready yet.

Judge: Actually who gives a damn but, if I must; I must. Is the defence ready?

Defense: No, your Honour, we would like to have a two week remand as I have only been assigned to this case this morning and have not had a chance to talk with my client let alone prepare his case.

Judge: Denied! I have a heavy vacation coming up and I wish to have this all finished by three this afternoon.

Defense: But Your Honour...

Judge: Do be quiet! I will not tolerate outbursts in my courtroom! Now do sit down and do as you're told!

Defense: Yes, Your Honour.

Remember, this is purely fictional and could never really happen.

Two hours later.

Judge: ...yawn...is there any more evidence related to this trial before I pass sentence?

Defense: Excuse me your Honour?

Judge: Oh it's you. What do you want now?

Defense: I haven't called my witnesses yet.

Judge: So? What am I supposed to do...cry? Are they really important or just character witnesses?

Defense: Your Honour, I have three witnesses that will swear that the accused was with them at the time of the crime and that they were, in fact, over two hundred miles away from the scene at the exact time my client was supposed to have committed the crime.

Judge: So what? I have two cats and a dog that will do as I say also. Oh well, go ahead but do make it brief.

A short time later...

Two witnesses have been called and both confirmed that the accused was, in fact, not even within two hundred miles of the scene at the time it was to have taken place. The Judge interrupted both witnesses to ask them one question: Have you ever been arrested and/or convicted of a crime? One answered that he had been arrested when he was 15 for stealing a car and had received a suspended sentence. That was over ten years ago. The other replied he had done three years for a drug related crime. The third witness is still on the stand.

Judge: Excuse me, Have you ever been arrested or convicted of any crimes son?

Witness: No your Honour.

Judge: Do you know the penalty for perjury in this type of trial?

Witness: No...but I'm sure you're going to tell me sir.

Judge: Contempt of Court! You sassy young whippersnapper. That'll be two years in a penitentiary! Now get out of my courtroom!

Defense: Your Honour?!

Judge: Oh shut up. It's my court...my court, my trial, my town! I'LL do as I see fit...after all, am I not the Judge?!

Defense: Yes, you are...

Judge: Good, now can we continue?!

Defense: That's all my witnesses but...

Judge: Let's proceed with the final summations shall we?

The District Attorney presented his feeble case which consisted of no witnesses, no fingerprints, no facts and nothing to link the accused with the crime. All he had was three officers of the law and their assumptions.

Judge: Is the defense ready?

Defense: Ready for what?

Judge: Why, sentencing of course. What do you think you're here for?

Defense: Your Honour: The D.A. has not produced a single linking clue to warrant even the arresting of my client. Why, even the evidence of the officers was inconsistent, incoherent and too far out to be real. I wish to request that this case, against my client, be dismissed due to lack of evidence and that my client be freed at once.

Judge: Hey, my eyes are blue not green! This is the biggest case to ever happen here short of Sally's cat having kittens. There's no way I'm gonna let this man go free and blow my only chance to be elected Mayor next month, I find the accused guilty as charged and sentence him to life behind bars. May God have mercy on this scum! This court is adjourned.

Defense: (aside to his client) Don't worry Ron, we'll appeal this case and you'll walk away a free man. There's no way you should have been convicted.

Jones: Yeah...sure.

Four years later, the case went to the Supreme Court of Canada, Appeal Section, but was denied due to lack of sufficient funds. He had lost!

But, every story must have a happy ending so, to keep the customers satisfied and to make this story complete: the Judge did, in fact, become Mayor.



JUDGES

He is this
And mark him as that
They say
Judges with minds like pot bottoms
Calling the kettle names
A look
A quick reflection of their justice
And they wince
At the touch of coldness
Sleeplessness for eternity
it seems
Will be their reward
Or maybe not -- I think that
That Takes a conscience
To achieve
Oh how the intellectual knowledge
Blinds the man
Who contemplates anothers fate
Decisions ruled by detailed facts
Of what must be done---
Remembered from a book of yesteryear
The true and lasting wisdom of
The written word
Lost momentarily
By the well versed mind of the wigged one
Who must balance the quota
And sidestep the rights
This circle will eat itself
And then the pot and kettle will
Be truly black and white.

Gerald Diver

the sports week

FLOOR HOCKEY:

There is a high quality of floor hockey played in Collins Bay. The men take the sport very serious, and they are excellent players. There is a brand of hard hitting and crisp passing. Some of the defensive stars are; Wayne Chase, Gary Barnes, Dave Humphreys, Brian Daley, "Moose", Don Parliament, and "Moon".

Offensively, the main star is Bobby Young, but there are several guys who are excellent offensive players; Scrappy Scott, Norm Mallette, Rabbit Burns, and many others who are seen hustling and passing the puck are; Johnny Atkinson, Robin, Stan Massie, Larry (Tramp) Pentiluck, Wayne Marki Al Guay, Tommy Burns.

Behind the forwards, and the defense are the guys who must keep the puck out of the net, and these four guys do a fine job; Gord Putman, Wayne Hurlbert, Dick Thibideau, and Bobby Lamoureux.

As reported above, these game are extremely entertaining and the fans fill the stands every night the teams play. There are pile ups in the net and guys shoved into the stands, helmets flying through the air, solid body checks by men who are well put together and the sound can be heard in the whole gym-Wham!-, goalies kicking the puck straight out

and loud cheers for great plays. This sport is the one which keeps the men active during the winter months. It helps to work off steam, and frustration.

This sports reporter wishes he could play like these guys!

FLOOR HOCKEY STATISTICS:

Teams	G.P.	W.	L.	T.	Points
Sabres	16	10	5	1	21
Flyers	15	9	5	1	19
Red Machine	15	3	12	0	6

TOP TEN PLAYERS:

Names	Goals	Assists	Points
Young	83	39	122
Mallette	54	20	74
Scrappy	31	39	70
Bonneville	41	15	56
Grant	27	17	44
R. Burns	26	18	44
G. Barnes	24	20	44
Pentiluck	19	18	37
Rogers	25	10	35
Lancaster	23	9	32
Marki	14	18	32

GOAL-TENDERS AVERAGES:

Names	G.P.	G.A.	Avg.	Teams
Putman	7	84	12.8	Sabres
Hurlburt	14	180	12.8	Flyers
Thibideau	9	120	13.3	Sabres
Lamoureux	13	189	14.5	Reds

The referees John Dodge and the Big Man, Eddie Tolam do a good job. Hats Off!

BASKETBALL:

There have been three games played since the Christmas Holidays have ended, and it is quite easy to see that the players have lost some of the ability they had, or should I say they are "out of shape". The scores are not very high which also points out that the shooters are not hitting the net. The averages from the floor by most shooters must be around 30%, and from the freethrow line a 58% average. Boy, we need some practice!

The teams are fairly well balanced now, and each team has a nucleus of players who give their team some scoring punch. They are Ron Mundy, Donny Geavereaux, Norm Mallette, Davey Gillen, for the Green Team. Sam Johnson, John Prince, and Chicago Edwards for the Blue team. The White team has Ron Lancaster, Pete Solomon, Wayne Boul-
lien, and T. Lane. Don Neilsen transferred to Joyceville.

The games get a little rough at times, but fortunately the referees; Beep and Babe, along with George, keep the fellows from getting too rough. There are times when we have to be warned to ease off.

LEAGUE STANDINGS:

Teams	G.P.	W.	L.	Points
Blue	13	8	5	16
White	14	6	8	12
Green	14	6	7	12

The make up games will even the standings.

TOP SCORERS IN THE LEAGUE:

Names:	Average per game
John D. Prince	16
Ron Mundy	16
Ron Lancaster	13
Sammy Johnson	12
Don Parliament	10
Peter Solomon	10

VOLLYBALL:

Wayne Barker, the Commissioner is just getting into the role of Commissioner, but he assure me he will keep us better informed now.

TEAM STANDINGS:

Teams	Points
Vulcans	26
Falcons	23
Thunderbirds	24
Spinners	11

WANTED

The AVATAR STILL REQUIRES A SPORTS WRITER. We need writers all the time, but the sports area is one we feel should be of top quality. Please submit your name for this position.

You will be required to write on the sporting events taking place in the gymnasium, and in the yard when the weather permits outside activity.

The sports fans need you, and so do we. Help us.

NEWS

A MATTER OF " BONDING ":

Last summer [1976] some concerned people at Joyceville loaned their names and their efforts to a proposed Canada Council Project for the benefit of the country's social offenders.

Steve Carr Harris, Wes Demarco, Joey Vetere, Danny O'Donoghue, Bruce Bailly, were a few of those who applied a lot of effort, [and obviously upset a few die-hard bureaucrats in the process.]

Although the idea of a blanket bonding system was put forward by Steve in 1967-68 while in Burwash. The idea was accepted in principle - the Solicitor General's Dept. let it die; from lack of interest by authorities and lack of knowledge by offenders. What the "Joyceville Five" were trying to do, was to make available a systematic 'pre-release' bonding application process, voluntarily, so that insurance underwriters could set a premium-risk value on each individual applicant. The part of this protection [against harassment in some cases] would be paid either by the potential employer or the applicant. In either case it would help eliminate employment discrimination.

The response from the project has been very good. The Commissioners Office shortly will be issuing directives to all institutions and has already advised classification divisions to get on the ball. So, if you're interested in getting out, interested in staying out and not being subjected to power trips by over zealous authorities, see your classifications and ask about getting your application. If you have any problems let Steve know, and he will be pleased to help in any way. He can pass your name to the Bureau office of Insurance(Canada). Remember you are bondable.

A PARTY TO REMEMBER:

Inmates spent an enjoyable afternoon hosting the mentally retarded adults from the Penrose Center of Kingston. The occasion; their Annual Christmas Party for the patients of the Penrose Center.

Everyone really benefits from this sort of thing states George Marcotte, the Chairperson of the Groupe Social Francais. George claims that the patients from the Center are not the only ones who get excited about the party. "The inmates are looking forward to this day". Some inmates have been to the Party for the last four yr whenever they have been able to. They know several patients and are anxious to see them again.

George Marcotte, a very sensitive and articulate man, explained the men began collecting funds for the party several months before the actual day. There are money raising projects, and George has been a great driving force behind these projects. He wishes that it could be possible to have these parties for the patients and the inmates several times a year. "It allows the men to share emotions with one another that they might not feel comfortable doing every day while imprisoned".

Several members of the French Group expressed themselves. For example Bobby Renaud made it quite clear, "The day belongs to the patients and even if your not sure what to do, or say, just be kind and gentle to these people".

During the afternoon there is dancing, light buffet lunch, and the finale, the arrival of Santa Claus to give each person from the Center a present, which they had asked about earlier in the year.

George Marcotte and his French Group deserve praise for their work.

CHRISTMAS CONCERT

BY "JAMIE" JAMIESON

Another year and another Christmas Variety Concert. Considering all the hassles everyone went through, including those on Saturday nite, I feel that that is all that should be said about the Concert itself, and that I should devote the remaining words of this article towards a put down of the administration - at least to those areas of the administration concerned with the production of the concert. However, the feedback up to this point, indicates that this should be a tame article.

So.....we began by attempting to get at least a month and a half to work with (true to form we ended up with about three days) as it was our hope to put it all together in a very 'laid-back' manner. After looking around for the acts we finally came up with what you say - Not an Average White Band, Doktor Doktor, Stan Sedan and the Heavy Chevy's, THE NEWS (hum hum), the Varsol Caper, Warden's Court STOP LAUGHING, Collin Beach, Dinner at the Bay (which we still haven't seen), Teddy and Friends, Hit the nickel, hit the dime - it's too bad this paper doesn't publish pictures as these acts were so good I'd like to put some in to share them with you, and to provide you with a better idea of what went down.

For those of you that couldn't make it, for one reason or another; in other words, weren't there; the Concerts are three hour variety shows put on by the prisoners for the prisoners as well as for the staff (although not many of

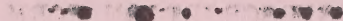
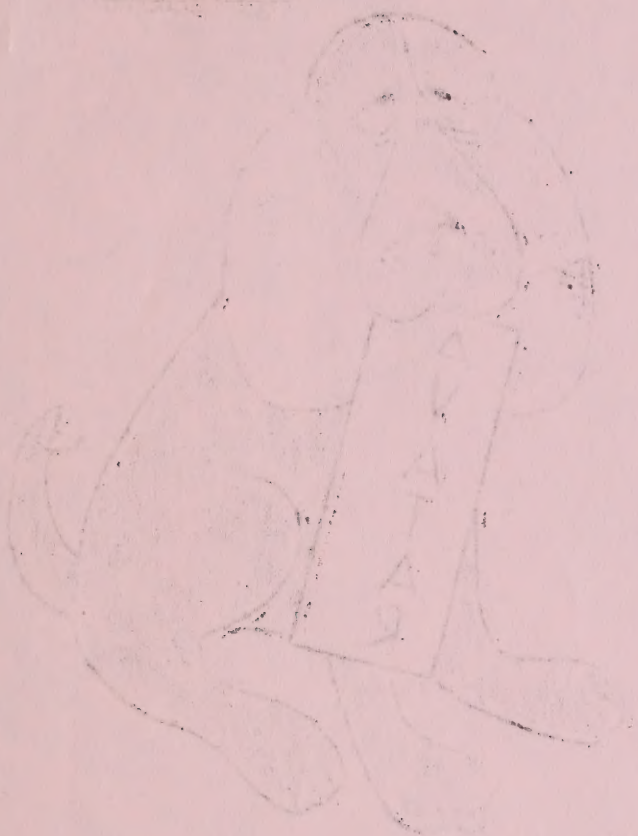
"them" came), citizen participants from the various social groups, and for us and our people. The shows are put on about a week or ten days before Christmas - the first one is for the population, the second for the street people, the last for our visitors (no, I'm not saying that we are always getting the shitty end of the stick). It's the musical groups and the skits or fashion shows or news presentations, recitals, etc. (providing we get all the props and necessary equipment i.e. sound, lights, guitar strings, on time) and it's put into a three hour package - you'd think that we'd have more than just three hours. They are an annual event (from all the hassles we had this year, Barry and I began to suspect that this was our last concert) and depending on the talent here at the time, are better (or worse) than the preceding year.

Despite all the shit, we ended up with a pretty good show. Very tight in terms of time on the first two nights, right on for the last I think.

After three weeks I'm still flashing back to the various happenings and although I swore I'd never do it again, I'd like to put the one for this year together - if, I'm still here and, of course, providing I can start on the program in May. I'd like to see us with a six hour show because I know with that time to work with we can put a professional-like thing across that will make everyone feel right there once they've gone through it.



THE CLASS WITH
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THE CLASS WITH



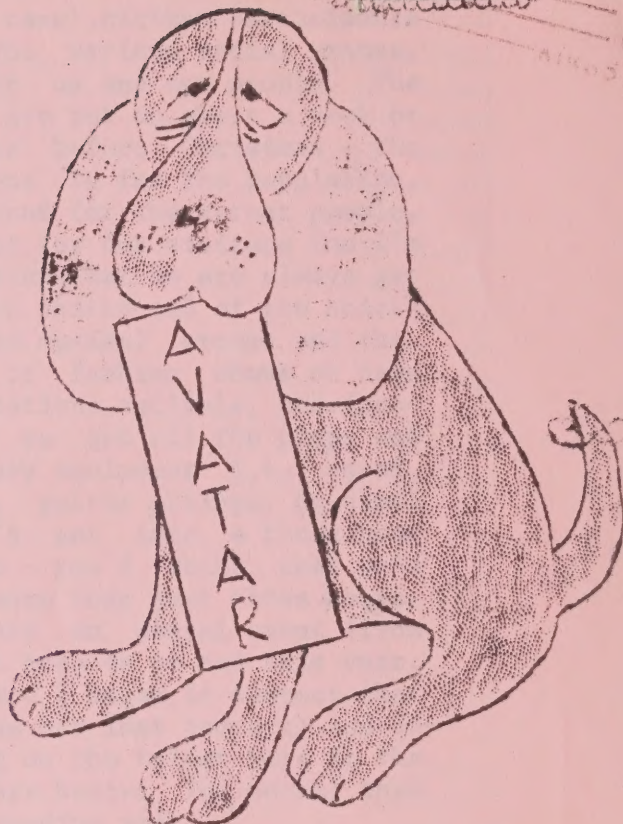
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